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GENEALOGY
976.402
W37WHS,
1918

The
Melon-Vine
1918



Seniors.

Individual photographs - - - - -

per. hd. 50

Engraving in groups of three - - - - -



GENEALOGY
976.402
W37WHS,
1918

Juniors.

Individual photographs - - - - -

\$5.00

Engraving - one plate - - - - -

Sophomores.

Group photograph - - - - -

\$2.00

Engraving - one plate - - - - -

Freshmen.

Group photograph - - - - -

\$2.00

Engraving - one plate - - - - -

The 1918 *Melon-Vine*

OF THE

WEATHERFORD HIGH SCHOOL
WEATHERFORD, TEXAS



PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENT BODY

DEDICATION

To Our Worthy and Honorable Board of Trustees:

As an acknowledgement of their superior influence and ability, we respectfully dedicate this volume of the Melon-Vine.



PRINCE



MARTIN



SHADLE



HOLLANDER, Pres.



VIVRETT



JONES

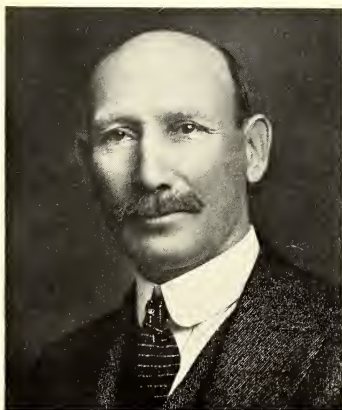


FRITZ

SCHOOL BOARD



WEATHERFORD HIGH SCHOOL



T. W. STANLEY
Superintendent of Schools

FOREWORD

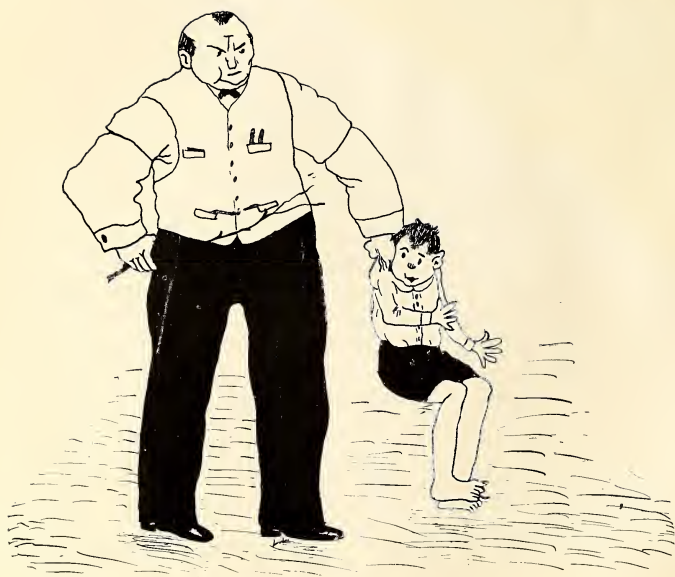
The 1918 Melon-Vine Staff greets you through this volume; we have recorded the history that you have made during this year, the history has always been yours, now the record is yours for your enjoyment and your criticism.

In making this record, we have completed this with the hope that it may interest you. If we have succeeded, the joy of having done something worth while is ours.

EDITORIAL STAFF.



EDITORIAL STAFF





MISS JEWELL BRATTON
English

"Every one will please pass out; do not wait for a special invitation."
Guardian of the Honor Hall. "Nuff sed."



MISS LOIS WYTHE
History

"Please get in line."
The man that invented the Gatling gun must have got his idea from hearing her talk.



MISS EULA MARTIN

Assistant Mathematics

"You are doing entirely too little work."

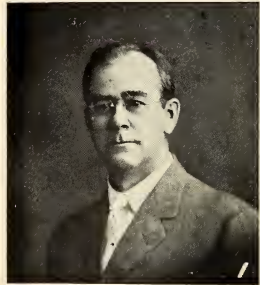
The hearts of men must be made of steel to resist that smile of her's.

W. O. DeWEES

Mathematics

"———so govern yourself accordingly."

His wrath is like a cyclone; you tremble at its approach; you shiver with fear while it lasts; you breathe a sigh of relief when it is gone.





M. E. DAVIS

Science

"I've played on two of the best teams in the state."

If you can get him to forget his deeds in Corpus, you may get him to explain how the hickie of the dingfod, working in parallel with the hotus of the siggod, works.

MISS MAMIE LEE HAYDEN

Domestic Science

"And you see, such will make a balanced ration."

You can live without music, poetry and art,

You can live without conscience, you can live without heart,

You can live without home, you can live without books,

But civilized men can't live without cooks.





MRS. EDDIE STEPHENS

Assistant Science

"You may name the bones of the body."

Very dignified but always ready to give you good advice.



CARTER WALLACE

"If you intend to talk I will quit."

A special matrimonial bureau, open day and night.



MISS ALMA PATRICK

Spanish

"Now remember this—and this."

A walking Spanish dictionary.



MISS MAE BETTIE TAYLOR

"Be right there and help that old team win that game!"

A 1920 model "pep" machine.



MISS ANNIE LAURIE LEWIS

"Knit three, pull two."

Intensely interested in our army. No soldier can suffer if her love and admiration can warm his heart.



MISS MARY COLVARD

"I believe I admire this style best."

No—we did not make a mistake, while she could go on the beauty page, you see—alas! she is a teacher.

TO THE FACULTY

T hru thick and thin you've helped us win
O ur battles that we've won.

T ho the time be nigh to say good-bye,
H ere's thanking you for what you've done—
E very morn as we arose, every night as we repose.

F orever we were thinking of you
A s thru the day you'd show the way,
C ommending us the whole day thru;
U rging us on till your patience was gone,
L eading us by your kindness shown
T ill you may know that where e'er we go
Y our goodness shall be known.

We did have a teacher cute,
Who watched us from the stair,
But since our country's gone to war,
He'll watch us from the air.
We all loved this teacher,
And Georgie was his name,
And teaching us old Caesar's stunts
Is where he got his fame.



MARGARET OLIVER—"MAGGIE LIZZIE"

Class Editor, '18

Basketball, '16

You can't always tell—

Those who know her best say she is "umpish."



RALPH ALEXANDER—"ALEX"

President Class '17

Football '17

"Reason and the world will make you free."



FLORRIE ASHCROFT—"TE"

Class Artist '18

"A rare exponent of frolic and fun;

We relish her jokes and rejoice in her poems."

WINNIE STONE—"PEGGY"

Basketball '16, '17

"Ideas trouble me even more than men."

WALLACE JOHNSON—"SPECK"

Baseball '17

Football '17

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,

"Tis only noble to be good."

LEONORA HENDERSHOTT

"She needs no eulogy,

She speaks for herself."





DOUGLAS GIBBS— "VIE"

"Life is too short for anything but higher education."

BLANCHE BOOLES—"BLANCHIE"

"The song ye sing and the smile ye wear
Maketh the sunshine everywhere."

DARDEN WISE—"DOBGIN"

Athletic Editor '18

"This fellow is WISE enough to play the
fool,
And to do that well requires a kind of wit."

ELIZA WARD

"A quiet disposition, earnest and kind."

FRED PERKINSON—"PERK"

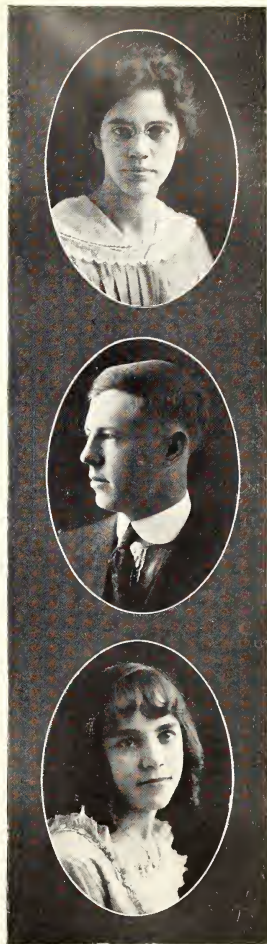
Baseball '16, '17, '18; Manager '17, '18

Football '15, '16, '17; Captain '17

"I find that ambition is not a cure for love."

GRACE MILLER

"So modest—half her worth is not known."





FRANK KIRKPATRICK

Football '16, '17

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

ANICE ALEXANDER

"When anger rises think of the consequences."

CLARENCE DAWSON

President of Class

Baseball '16, '17, '18; Captain '17, '18

Football '15

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

RUTH SARGES—"RUFUS"

"If I should chance to talk a little
Forgive me, for it is an honest heritage."

THOMAS LEACH—"SIZGOD"

Assistant Business Manager '18

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

FLORENCE TAYLOR—"BUG"

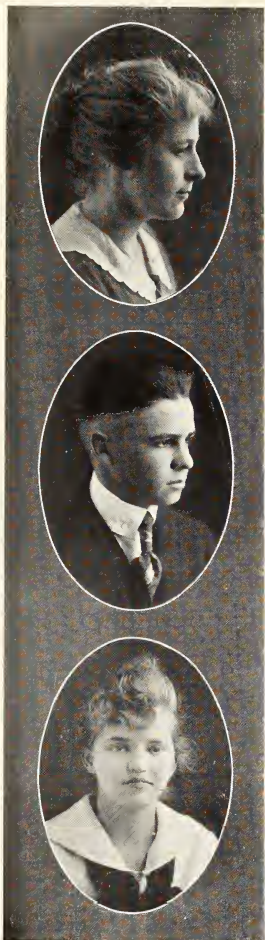
Librarian '18

Basketball '16, '17

Editor-in-Chief '18

"She was lavishly extravagant with her
tongue."





EVA W.

"Lend thy serious hearings
unfold."

MABRY MILHOLLIN—"MILL"

Basketball '17

"If God can love them all, why can't I love
a dozen?"

GRACE REEVES

Basketball '16

"She is very quiet but proficient in many
things."

Football

WILLIS BLACKWELL—"WILL,"
"If little our labors, little our gains."

RAY PICKARD
Literary Society '18
"You can't get a good man down."



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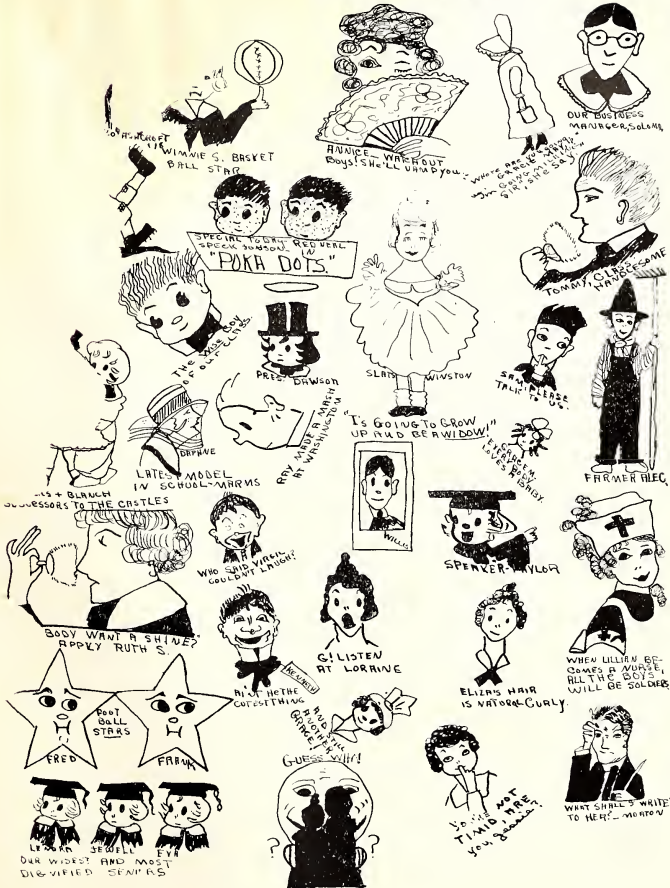
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W. O. D. JR. SOME KID EH?
WE THINK SO, ANYWAY

W. O. DeWEES JR.
Senior Mascot

Seniors



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W. O. D. JR. SOME KID EH?
WE THINK SO, ANYWAY

W. O. DeWEES JR.
Senior Mascot

Seniors



(SENIORISM.3 Cont 1)

"Live, love and be happy
Is a policy of mine.
To me today is good
And tomorrow will be fit

—GRACE REEVES

"People say an idle brain is the Devil's
If this be true, I saw with flowing tears,
That mine's been leased for several yea

—THOMAS I

"I like the way the girls make eyes at me,
Even tho they know they break a rule—
It's just because I'm very smart, you see,
That I'm so blooming popular in this school."

—MABRY MILHOLLIN.

"A country girl is my degree,
An' few there be that know me O!
But what care I how few they be
If I am welcome here O!"

—MORTON KIMBROUGH.

"I'm long and brown and pretty clever,
I act just so and so;
And men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

—FLORRIE ASHCROFT.

"Some girls are very pretty,
Whom all boys like to kiss;
But when you just think about it,
Am I not a dainty little Miss?"

—ANICE ALEXANDER.

"I wish they would not tell me
For I know I am charming;
They surely think I cannot see
My charms from night till morning."

—DOUGLAS GIBBS.

"If you ever are a Senior,
Whether accident or not,
Don't stand around and watch the bunch,
Get up and talk—I've helped a lot."

—JESSIE HAMAN.

"My knowledge is quite stunning,
According to my size;
In fact I'm very cunning,
For my name is Darden Wise."

—DARDEN WISE.

"I sit up until eleven at night,
Playing forty-two with all my might;
But when I lie down to rest,
I say to myself, 'I've done my best'."

—ELIZA WARD.

(S CRISMS—Continued)

"Yes, I'm beautiful, as my name implies;
I'm a sweet treat,
With beautiful lips and big grey eyes,
Am I a French maid so sweet?"

—GRACE MILLER.

"On the team of football boys, you'll find one named
Tim, the freckled kid that gets them around the neck.
He means the boys that play against the team;
To you girls the same, I didn't mean to be mean."

—WALLACE JOHNSON.

I'm a Hi school booster with hair as bright as the
sun,
Not what you call smiling when work's to be done,
But always asking, 'When will recess come' "

—TRUETT NEAL.

"I have studied the satanic
Ways of bacchille organic,
But it throws me in a panic,
When you say I'm so romantic."

—RAY PICKARD.



"OUR SENIOR YEAR"

When you come to the end of your Senior Year,
And sit alone with your thoughts,
'Tis then that laughter is mingled with tears,
With the joy that the year has brought.
Well, memory has printed this perfect year
With the Knowledge of a hard earned grade,
And the bell rings out with a blessed cheer,
From the school that our love has made.

Well, this is the end of our Senior Year,
Near the end of our journey thru school;
Our hearts are filled with sadness and tears
When we think how we've broken the rule.
Yes, this is the end of our High School days,
So we enter a new life in our youth,
And we go with hearts that are strong and gay
To battle the world for truth.

—A. K. L.

LOW SENIORS

Let us rise to meet the duties imposed by our seeming misfortunes; let us rise to the necessity of meeting with cheerful hearts physical inconveniences to which we have hitherto been strangers; let us rise to meet the oncoming struggles, which we know will try our souls and test our character; let us rise to meet the critical gaze of those who are wondering what we are to do; let us rise to meet the dictates of a clear conscience and a sound judgment in matters of self-respect, and loyalty to our Alma Mater.

Edith Dawson
Frank Wolfenberger
Mary Barbour Taylor
Katherine Curtis
Ina Ruth Kelley
Katie Milburn
Mattie Etier
Fannie Price
Fay Smith
Lillian Tucker
Bessie Browning

Boyd Smith
Virginia Heifrin
Winnie Barker
Mattie Bell Browder
Grayden Massey
Carlie Curtis
Frank Hicklin
Dorothy Johnson
Jonnie Cummings
Ethel White
Johnnie Rucker



HER SLACKER

"No! I won't marry you and neither will I! You are a slacker. Nobody loves a slacker."

Thus did pretty Blanch Bird turn down the courtship of Harcourt.

George arose from the settee on which they had been sitting and hurriedly down the street. He had set his mind on getting married and could not be persuaded from his purpose.

The next morning Blanch received a letter. The postmark showed that it had been posted at 10:30 p. m. on the day before. Blanch curiously opened the letter. Inside there was a single sheet of paper. It had scratched on it, in a familiar handwriting these words: "The next time you see me, you will say 'yes'."

Blanch hastily threw the letter in a waste basket and said "The Bum."

It was the time of the "Great War." There were great camps of soldiers all over the United States. There were aviation camps as well as infantry camps. As may be expected, Blanch was interested in soldiers as well as other girls were. And it was her delight to have as her escort a dashing young officer. This was one reason why she turned down George.

When he left her that night, she fully expected that he would call on her in the United States. Aeroplanes from this camp flew over frequently. Also, often to weeks and weeks grew to months and yet nothing of George. Blanch was very much surprised, tho it was not such a pleasant surprise as she would have expected if she had known before hand that George would be away for months.

At the little town of Radford, which was forty miles from Blanch's home town, was a large aviation camp. In fact it was one of the largest in the United States. Aeroplanes from this camp flew over frequently. Also, often aviators put up at the hotel. Of course, as may be expected, they became acquainted with a number of girls and were frequently in their company.

Blanch was anxious to meet an aviator, but had not as yet met one. It had been six months since George had disappeared, and Blanch thought of him every day.

One night an aeroplane flew over the town. (At this camp, they fly at night, so as to be in practice for bombing expeditions in France.) It circled round and round over the city; on the top of the plane was a large incandescent light. The light was generated by the motor of the plane. After circling around the city for half an hour, it flew to the north of the city and rose into the air at about the height of ten thousand feet.

Of course, all the city was watching the queer antics of the plane. Blanch was especially interested in an aviator that would fly over unknown territory in the night. At this moment the light on the plane was flashed out. It appeared in a moment. The plane was going up at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then it described a large arc and dived. Then it switched on the light and looped the loop about forty feet below. Then the light was switched out again.

"Why that looked just like a 'B' didn't it," said one of the girls gathered in Blanch's yard.

"Why, of course, you silly, he is talking to me," laughed Blanch.

At this juncture the light shone again. It went nearly straight up, looped

(HER SLA Continued)

five. This was only an "L." The girls were shock-magnetized by the light, by a series of dives and letters "A & C H." Then the light was flashed out and for five minutes and then the light flashed out formed by looping the loop and a long dive, the not utter a word or make a move. Then once spelling. There came a long dive and then the light out. Then came on again and the plane looped the loop. This was a "T" the mysterious plane spelled "A M." The plane became darkened and after swooping down from its great height, disappeared into the darkness.

The girls were held spellbound as long as they could hear the motor. A moment after its noise was no longer audible, they broke into a confusion of voices. They pieced out the sentence that the plane had spelled.

"Blanch B, 10 A. M." After much arguing and discussing the girls decided that the aviator wanted to meet Blanch at the landing, which was on the northern outskirts of the city. It never occurred to the girls that the aviator might have meant this queer message for some one else.

The next morning at eight o'clock, the girls met at Blanch's home. They had given it much thought and now considered it to be a lark. They laughed and talked much as they walked to the aeroplane landing. They reached this about an hour later.

While dancing and capering about, one of the girls kicked over a brick. As it rolled over, she saw a piece of paper tied to it. She quickly showed it to her chums. On the paper was typewritten these lines:

"B., when I come, step into the front seat of the plane. It is for the best."

The girls could not speak for a few minutes. They all started to talking at the same time. Some of the more timid thought it was a plan to kidnap Blanch. Others encouraged Blanch to do it, saying that the aviator would only give her a ride. There was a babble of voices. First she was swayed by the timid and then by the more bold.

At this juncture a huge aeroplane hove in sight. The girls immediately became quiet. The great plane circled around for a few minutes and then gracefully settled on the circle. It ran over to the girls and stopped.

Blanch stood as if frozen in her tracks. Some of the girls pushed Blanch forward and mechanically, she stepped into the plane. The helmeted aviator immediately speeded up the still running motor and rose in the air. Up at a considerable distance, he shot the plane along at ninety miles an hour. Blanch swooned at first, but the rushing air brought her to.

The machine flew about five miles and then gracefully settled to the ground. The aviator instantly was out of his seat and helped Blanch to the ground. He tore off his goggles and helmet.

"Oh, George!" gasped Blanch.



The old tradition says that we are very dignified and studious. Also, it has been pointed out to the class of 1918 that they must uphold the tradition as well as the fine standing of W. H. S.

It seems a long time since we were Freshmen and first entered the renowned Assembly Hall in the High School. Then we were meek and lowly and if we should talk or laugh and get the sharp reprimand, "Don't Talk," which echoed the whole length of the hall, we would have liked very well to sink thru the floor or in some way vanish from the sight of—well, it seems—a million pair of eyes.

But the next year we had overcome this stage of being easily frightened. We had become Sophomores. Our line of thought was wide and likewise our field of experience. May I repeat that "experience is the best teacher," but the hardest. We began to realize that we should have to work, and work hard, to make our grades so that on that fateful first Thursday of the month we would not be afraid to go home.

But now we are Juniors! Just think of it! Why, before this year, we used to think that when we became Juniors we would be proud and rather inclined to look over the heads of our lower classmates. At least that is the general opinion of Juniors, but I believe that in this case it is not so universally true, for I think that each and every member in our class realizes what an amount of work we have before us and are striving to leave behind us a record which we shall not be ashamed to face in the years to come. We know, too, that surely there is no "Golden Road to Learning."

Next year we will be Seniors! Of course we realize that means W-O-R-K. But we are not afraid. Let come what will. We will be glad to meet it—then, but now, we are in the height of youth, joy and ambition, and may the time pass not any too quickly.

—M. B. TAYLOR.

HIGH JUNIORS



Ula Orn
Lewis Hartley.
Jewel Woods
Lucile Dillard

Durward Ashworth
Lucile Mitchell
Robert Coutts Moseley
Hartsell Piland

Grace Ragsdale
Wendell Bullock
Laura Mae Merritt
Raymond Sullivan
Madeline Milmo

F I JUNIORS



Ola May Bucker
 Floyd Buckner
 Kittie J. Smith
 Winnie Barker
 Howard Hodges

Clara Ellen Williams
 Marshal Whitset
 Don Waddington
 Mabel Ayres
 Floyd Bush

Vera Strickland
 Santa Hart
 Winston Holland
 Allie Pattilla

THE WONDERFUL CHEVROLET

Have you heard of the wonderful Chevrolet,
That's built in such a wonderful way,
It will run forever and a day;
And then of a sudden—it, ah, but stay—
And list what will happen without delay,
Scaring the driver into fits,
Worrying his lady-love out of her wits;
Have you ever heard of this Chevrolet?

In building cars, I tell you what,
There's always somewhere a weakest spot,
In rim, tire, wheel, in spring or thill.
In door or axle or floor or sill,
In crank, starter, brake—a lurking still;
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or under—within or without—
And this is the reason, beyond a doubt,
A car breaks down and never wears out.

The maker swore, as makers do,
With "I'll be darned" or "I'll tell you!"
He would build one car to run around
In country, in desert, in city or town;
He'd build it so it could not break down;
For, said this maker, "It's very plain,
The weakest spot must stand the strain,
And the way to fix this thing, I guess,
Is to make this place as strong as the rest."

So the maker strove, as makers must—
For he swore he'd make this car or bust.
So he made it of iron and boards he could trust.
He made the lights so they could not break;
He made the seat for comfort's sake,
And he made her to go thru river and lake.

In making the engine' that's where he scored;
For he made it lots better than that of a Ford;
And he made the foundation of iron, not board.

The car cannot rattle when taking a spin,
For he made it of iron and left out the tin;
In fact he made it so nice and new
He painted her up and "I'm thru."
"Thru! I tell you! I rather guess
She is a wonder, and nothing less.

We have used her, abused her, both night and day
And have used her after Pa got grey,
And the kids have gotten too big to play,
But still our little old Chevrolet
Is as good as it was on its first birth-day.

Birth-days have passed, as birth-days do,
But our old car is just as good as new,
As when the maker made her so true.
Oh, my! so many years ago.

Nineteen hundred and eighteen came,
My car was running just the same.
How many more years will come
Before I'll have to foot it home?

While lifting up my one-man top,
I heard a spring or something pop;
And when I looked, I thought I knew
My car had done about her do.

But I said I'll take just one more ride
With my darling girle by my side.
I took her down a country lane,
To tell her of my love again.
My car had made a hill on high,
A hill that almost touched the sky;

I was as happy as could be
Till my old car she stopped on me.
My girle, said, "Oh, it needs more hay."

I answered, "Dear, no time to play."

This stopping short so worried me,
I forgot to tell of my love, you see;
But said instead, "We must walk back in.
And get a car and take a spin."
Of course this was a tragedy
Of all car owners surely see,
So I just "cussed" the Chevrolet,
As I had nothing else to say.

So when I weary, full of pain,
Was resting safe at home again,
I heard somebody calling me
To hurry up and come and see!
I went; and something met my gaze--
It left me standing in a daze,
For some good man had brought my car,
And said: "Sir, she is sure some star;
I never saw a better one,"

And I have looked from sun to sun,
And let me tell you she can run.
The reason why she stopped on you
Was not because she'd lost a screw,

But because you thought about the lass
And forgot to fill her up with gas.

—LOUISE TAYLOR.

LOW JUNIORS



Bryan Hill Joe Chandler Truett Adams Preston Woody George Owens Conway Alexander Jonnie Lewis
 Mary Carr Hillis Snoddy Esta Jordan Joe Witherspoon Bonner Darby Edwin Peebles

JUST FIFTEEN MINUTES

At exactly fifteen minutes till eight,
His Ford was heard in front of the gate.

And then with heart that was light and gay,
He laughed to himself in a jubilant way.

And blew his horn for the maiden trim,
Whom he wished to go on a ride with him.

She came to the door with a joyous air,
And wanted fifteen minutes to spare.

And then for fifteen minutes he sat
In the little Ford and held his hat.

He waited and sighed for the maiden trim,
Who had promised to go for a ride with him.

Until, as the great town clock struck eight,
He muttered, "Great Scotts, it is getting late."

And beat a tattoo on the little Ford's door,
And waited for fifteen m'utes more.

And thought of those shady spots upon the way,
And then midnight came, and then the break of day.

That day and the next, and the next one, too,
He sat and waited the long hours thru.

The time flew on and the years sped by,
And he still waited with expectant eye.

And lengthening beard, for the maiden
Who'd promised to go for a ride with him.

Until one night, as with palsied hand,
He sat in the Ford, for he couldn't stand,

And drummed in an aimless way. She came,
And opened the door with her withered frame.

The moon's bright rays touched the silvered hair
Of her, who had fifteen minutes to spare.

And then in tones that he strained to hear,
She spoke, and said: "Are you ready, dear?"

—TRUETT NEAL.



Sophs

HIGH SOPHOMORES

Ruth McNatt	Morris Booles
Cornelia Hood	Clayton Orn
Myrtle Barham	Ollie Neal
Lavenia Isbell	Frances Fant
Ina Harris	Spurgeon Reynolds
Georgie Vaughn	Arthur Cato
Lillian Jones	George Huffman
Fannie Dennis	Robert Neal
Flossie Perkinson	Bertha Kebelman
Nona Holland	Louise Laughlin
Mary Wingo	Pauline Curtis
Elizabeth Kinder	Ben Kebelman
Grady Lothridge	Maida Buchanan
John Rieves	Jim Ferguson
Ward DeWees	Allen Edwards
Vester Jones	Bessie Robbin
Landon Pipkin	Fay Sears



THE FATE'S DECREE

Once upon a time, in the dark age of nineteen hundred and seventeen, the famous Virgilonian Instructor of the Roman Language sat in his high seat of honor. He was gazing fixedly into the terrible depths of the future, trying to soothe his jumping heart as it overflowed with grief and almost sank to the very tips of his Metric feet. Hour after hour, he watched the sages of old Roman birth enter the cavernous hall and take their allotted places in the mouldering seats that told of the days of their ancestors, who, evidently, were great sculptors; for the millions of shapes and figures carved upon the seats, showed at least their ambitions.

At last, he (the hero) brought forth a dainty silk handkerchief, already dripping with the tears of days gone by, and wiped from his forehead the great drops of hair tonic, which labor of brain alone brought forth. Then, with a deep, sonorous groan—that roared voluptuously throughout the cells and dance halls of the huge stone building and sank heavily into the basement below, becoming louder and stronger, until its least sagacious peal shook the very soup on the tables there—the Great Instructor arose and, with courage renewed, picked up his mournful heart and placed it back in position. Wringing the tears from his sodden handkerchief, he sent them rolling merrily down the hall, like Niagara; and established his strength once more to review the task before him.

Slowly he rested again on his throne, his face red with anguish and—a girl was passing the door. Once more, he glued his organs of sight to the seats before him, while his poor heart beat so loudly that the students in the hall of honor, thinking it to be an aeroplane, abandoned their places of esteem and fled to the periscopic windows of that vast edifice of knowledge. But the wretched Instructor sat limply on his throne. Scenes of misery swam like whales before his eyes—scenes of funeral pyres, amassed with various and sundry “Latin Pupils”—visions of base and perfidious villains with horns longer than the lessons that he had assigned them. Ugh! Ouch! His watch was striking the hour of doom. Tick, tock; tick, tock; it sounded against his ankle. How much longer must he await? How much longer must his veins surge with ice water, in anticipation of the horrible hour that was to come?

Gradually, with a determination as hard as the third conjugation, he pulled together his spirits and tied them in a bundle, placing them within his reach for future emergencies. Irresolutely, his wavering hands began to turn the leaves of the book of wisdom. Could he endure once more to gaze upon those names? And yet they were “honorable men—all, all honorable men.” Once again his heart jumped wildly to the ceiling and back again—the door was creaking on its hinges. Firmly, he gripped the arms and hands of his chair. Slowly, but surely, his brain was returning to him and, though his fears still held him rigid, he arose and prepared himself for the last moments of his life; as, slowly—to the music of the creaking shoes of a young mathematician in the distance through the open corridors rushed in—the Sophomore Latin Class.

LOW SOPHOMORES

Roy Lott
Jack Ward
Frank Jordan
Frances Harris
Kathleen Grafft
Ruby Clark
Ruth Estill Hamill
Jennie Woody
Fern Newton
John Mitchell
Ruth Oliver
Martha Pickens

Mildred Parker
Fay Parker
Homer Wright
Homer Patrick
Flossie Perkinson
Clint Plumlee
Polly Allen
Robbily Alexander
Ben Blackwell
Leo Blackstock
Jack Baker
Heartsill Blevins

Lucille Blackstock
Gertrude Barber
Marjorie Altfather
Nellie Bounds
Urban Brown
Mary Bonner Campbell
Hilliard Coffman
Fruit Cogburn
Frances Carter
Ada Coleman
Willie Davis
Ben Doss



FAMILIAR LINES

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
His fleece was white as snow;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
John Anderson, My Jo.

"Come back, come back," he cried in grief,
From India's coral strands,
The frost is on the pumpkin and
The village smithy stands.

"Am I a soldier of the Cross
From many a boundless plain
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
Where saints immortal reign?

"Ye banks and brates o' Bonny Doon
Across the sand o' Dee;
Can you forget that night in June—
My country, 'tis of thee.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
We're saddest when we sing,
To beard the lion in his den,
To set before the King.

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound,
And Phoebus gins arise;
All mimsy were the borogroves
To mansions in the skies."—Anonymous.

PROGRAM

PERIOD	SPANI.	DOM. SCI.	SCIENCE	ARITH.	MATH.	HISTOR.	COM.	AG. & T.	LATIN	ENGLISH
1	8 ¹	8 ¹⁻²	8 ⁴	9 ⁴	10 ²	8 ³	8 ¹		8 ¹	11 ³
2	8 ⁴	8 ³	8 ⁴	9 ²	11 ¹	10 ²	9 ²	8 ³	10 ¹	9 ³⁻¹
3		9 ¹	9 ¹	9 ¹	10 ¹	10 ³	10 ¹	8 ²	9 ¹	
4	9 ¹	8 ⁴	11 ¹	8 ²		8 ⁴	11 ¹	8 ¹	8 ³	10 ²
5	8 ¹	10 ¹	8 ³	8 ⁴	10 ³	11 ¹	10 ³		9 ¹	10 ²
6	8 ²	11 ²	8 ²	9 ³		10 ³	9 ¹	8 ¹	8 ⁴	9 ²⁻²
7	8 ³	11 ³	10 ¹	8 ¹	9 ¹⁻²		11 ²	8 ⁴	11 ³	11 ¹
8	10 ¹	9 ²	9 ²	8 ⁴		11 ²	8 ²	8 ²	8 ²	10 ¹



FRESHERS

HIGH FRESHMEN

Marion Elliott	Anita Mae Smith
James Ashcroft	Anna Milhollin
Marian Baker	Johnny Milhollin
Stella Braselton	Laurinda Temple
Lee Braselton	Frank Pritchard
Conrad Russell	Nannie Taylor
Dorothy Jackson	Fern Stephens
Myrtle Crawford	Roswell Eubanks
Evie Fitzgerald	Eleanor Lowe
Henri Nell Williams	Zadie Lee Cogburn
Nellie Winston	Reece Hart
Lecel Lee	Gracie Mae Waddington
Custer Knox	Byron Patrick
Robert Campbell	Perry Hardegree
Angie Waldrom	Gerald Cornelius
Marguerite Simmons	Willard Phillips
Gertrude MacNelly	Clarene Powers
Ross Galatin	Lena Wolfenberger
Clifton Massey	Joe Everett
Ruby Winsett	Campbell Walker
Irma Fay Andrews	Danison Willman
Norman Hines	Bill Countiss
Luther Buchanan	Lucille Stokes
Elizabeth Vivrett	

HIGH FRESHMEN



LOW FRESHMEN

Ben Henry Erwin	Jack Gore
Louis Dumain	Trickey Ward
Robert Braselton	Andrey Jensen
Louis Perkinson	Jim Davis
Garrison Wilmon	Strother Johnson
Campbell Walker	Ralph Lindsey
Maggie Briggs	Ernest Vann
Josephine Tucker	Verdie Cook
Willard MacNelly	Nellie Bean
Edna Mae	Bonnie Elliott
Birdie Davis	Fannie Davis
Thelma Kell	Ruby Frantz
Amanda Wilbank	Katherine Fulgham
Blanche Venable	Winnie Garvin
Dee Fields	Virginia Miller
Frances Kimbrough	Lovell Myers
Hazel Newton	Jennie Noble
Kittie Mae Witherspoon	Ruth Pipkin
Lucile Bunch	Lomona Therp
Lucile Marie Turpin	Frankie Rawlins
Margaret Sturges	Odell Cook
Martha Bradfish	Thelma Lovelady
Mildred Taylor	Eva Tucker
Malta Culwell	Georgie Rippetoe
Hallie Strain	Sam Gibbs
Hubert Jones	Rupert Kindel
Johnnie Cato	Harry Campbell
John Hudson	Harry Beckner
Toulman Hensley	Annie Laurie Bruce
Sidney Haas	Theodore Coreanges
Enol Hutchins	



LOW FRESHMEN

A FR.

Five little Freshmen went out
Under the shade of a juniper
Each had a cup from an acorn cup,
And a plate from the rind of a hickory nut.

The table was spread with a cloth all of lace,
Woven by spiders the banquet to grace.
Oh, what good things they all had to eat!
Slices of strawberry—my, what a treat!

Honey the sweetest the wild bee could hive,
And a humming bird's egg for each of the five.
Then they drank their host's health in their favorite drink.
What was—now what was it? Can anyone think?—A.



FRESHMAN EDITORIAL

We realize that there will be a great reconstruction period after this great, bloody strife which is now going on between nations. At this time, many young people will be needed. There will be places open for us all to fill. Now, what part has a Freshman to play? He has a very important part, indeed. Is not a Freshman the stuff of which Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors are made? If there are flaws and weak places in the raw material, will there not also be flaws and weak places in the finished product?

The Freshman is the pioneer who goes before and blazes the way for others to follow. He is the stepping stone on which the Senior places his foot to reach up and grasp higher and better things. He is the foundation upon which the higher classes build. He is the Senior of tomorrow.

These things are especially true of the Freshman class of Weatherford High School. So let us, the Freshman class of 1918, do great things in the history of our school, so that we may make the trail plainer and easier for others to follow. We are bound inseparably to the life and fortune of our school. Let us stand together as one mighty body and show to our school that we are truly worthy of all it has given us. "Together we stand, divided we fall." May our motto through the coming years of our school be, "Not quantity, but quality;" and may we strive to our utmost to maintain the honor and glory our school has given us, so that when we have reached such a high summit in our school life we can surely say: "Morning is here, and the night fadeth away."

MARION ELLIOTT, Class Editor.



Society

A WAR TIME AFFAIR

The city was aroused to enthusiasm the night of the party, giving a war time party.

Each member of the class appeared at the home of Miss Alexander, dressed in aprons and overalls, lunches in their pockets and "bananas" around their necks.

Gossip and "camouflage" were the prevailing features of the evening and several instrumental selections were rendered by the Senior Musical Club (a Victrola, you know).

This party was so different and unique from the usual frivolous and elaborate functions, that it was declared a ripping success and they resolved to repeat it several times during the year; thus setting a good example for the "To-be-Seniors." Don't you know?

LOW SENIOR PARTY

The Low Senior class of W. H. S. was entertained by Miss Virginia Heifrin on Friday night, Feb. 12, at her home on Brazos street. The guests and classmates mingled freely and again became acquainted—but this time it was not when they were enclosed by four walls of "school," but when they were to think of anything but school—until Monday morning.

Then each found his own place at one of the tables at which games had been planned. The evening passed quickly away and before we hardly had time to think, it had been several hours' stay instead of a few minutes. Refreshments were served, and every one voted Miss Heifrin a charming hostess and "three cheers for the Class of 1919."

BOBBIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

Little Bobbie Wright upon his eighteenth birthday, begged and begged his mother to give him a birthday party, until she consented. He also begged her to let him have a cake with sure enough candles on it, and rings, pennies, buttons and thimbles buried inside the cake.

Bob, in all the anticipation and eagerness of a youth of eighteen, was waiting at the door to greet his guests with a smile and perhaps to show his new suit. (One can never tell.)

Nevertheless, every one had a "swell time" and Miss Flo Ashcroft went home with the proud knowledge of being wealthy some day, as she received the slice of cake containing the penny; and Miss Gracie Mae Jordan the wedding ring, (however we were not surprised); Miss Margaret Oliver received the thimble, and oh! cruel fate! How could you disappoint a youth, and him so young? Bobbie got the bachelor button!

TACKY PARTY AND CARNIVAL

NOW! Ladies and gentlemen, step right this way; don't be backward about going forward, just walk right in and act like you've been here before.

FIRST ATTRACTION: Negro minstrel, with sho' nuff live coons imported from Africa; guaranteed not to fade. Starring the Southern "belles and bellers"—Eta Lusy Mas, Angelina Maud, Arabella Perkins and Bill Johnson, Sam Smith and Ben Brown.

SECOND ATTRACTION: Ballet dancing and prize fighting, with Senoritas Maria Donque and Lenora Enrique as dancers, and Tuffy Hartley and Skinny Moseley as prize fighters.

THIRD ATTRACTION: The old maids' convention; this is indeed a pathetic scene and one that should invoke your pity. The cast of the evening is the most noted old maids of the season, Ala Patrick, Lady Mamie Hayden, Miss Eula Martin, Madmaselles Lois Wythe and Jewell Bratton and Madame Stevens.

FOURTH ATTRACTION: Chorus girls. The best trained and melodious voices in the universe, and by the way, let me tell you a secret: These girls have the world skinned for beauty and not a one of them is married.

FIFTH ATTRACTION: Bridal scene, Napoleon crossing the Rhine, tallest man in captivity, fattest lady yet discovered, swimming match and guessing contest.

SIXTH ATTRACTION: Fortune telling. Gypsy Taylor is experienced in her line of business and for a very small charge will reveal to you your past, present and future.

SEVENTH ATTRACTION: Award of the prize to the tackiest man and lady present. These prizes are a "thing of joy and a beauty forever," so after you have seen all shows don't fail to be present at the awarding of the prize.



Vanity Fair

Mr. Wallace (to one of the school girls)—“What is worse than a worm
in an apple?”

“You!” she replied.

Reduce Your Flesh—Reduce your flesh by using Winston and Sturgis’
anti-fat.

Mr. DeWees: “Fred, what are you running for?”

Fred Perkinson: “To keep two boys from fighting.”

Mr. DeWees: “What two boys.”

Fred: “Frank Jordan and I.”

Miss Bratton: “Louise, what city do you think is talked most of today?”

Louise T. (after studying some time): “We—, I believe we notice in the
paper more about ‘Somewhere—in France’.”

Mr. Wallace: “Floyd, what are you laughing at?”

Floyd B.: “Nothing.”

Mr. Wallace: “Well, you must have been laughing at me then.”

Miss Wythe: “Bill, could you give as a definition of a hypocrite?”

Bill: “A hypocrite is a person who sits in the Honor Hall.”

Miss Patrick (to Freshman English class): “What two things must every
sentence contain?”

Freshman: “Capital letter and a period.”

Miss Wythe: (Study of Tudor Reign.) “How old was Mary?”

Bryan Hill: “Sixteen her last birthday.”

Miss Bratton: “‘To, why are the pictures of Cupid always shown as being
blindfolded?”

Tom Leach: “Because love is blind.”

Miss B.: “Then how does he see to get around?”

Tom: “He does his work in the dark.”

Mr. DeWees and Mr. Davis were comparing their young sons, of whom
both were very proud.

Mr. Davis: “Mr. DeWees, your youngster don’t seem to be healthy; he is
not near so strong looking as mine.”

Mr. DeWees: “That is true; he is rather porely in the face, but mine is
stronger up above.”

Miss Patrick: “Loraine, just what is a bell?”

Loraine: “A bell is a racket heard every forty minutes.”

Miss Wythe: “Mattie, you are talking too much; you must move by some
one that you will not talk to.”

Mattie (after looking around a little while): “Well, Miss Wythe, I don’t
believe I see anyone that I would not talk to.”

Miss Stephens: “What is a skeleton?”

Pupil: “A skeleton is a human body with the fat taken off.”

Sam: "The Lord knows Cruett makes his
Morton: "No wonder he looks worried."

"In the olden days a gentleman used to call upon lady much if
mality and stately ceremony."

"Well, what of that?"

"Now he merely drives up and honks for her to come out."

Florence: "Here, John, what are you doing to those books?"

John M.: "I want to find a history of the United States."

Florence: "Well, what for?"

John: "Well, Robert Coutts said that Tim Riley pitched for the Nationals
last year, and I want to find out if he did."

Grace J.: "I think that Mabry has a mighty good head."

Soldier: "I'm very fond of it, but just go ahead."

Teacher: "I don't know what will become of Tom."

Visitor: "Maybe he hasn't found himself yet; isn't he gifted in any way?"

Teacher: "Well, I should say he is! He hasn't a thing but what was
given to him."

Mr. Williams: "I want you to write your translations so that the sim-
plest person could understand ti."

Boyd: "Well, what is there about it that you den't understand?"

Dobbin: "What is meant by beastly weather?"

Mr. DeWees: "That's when it rains cats and dogs."

Gypsy Fortune Teller (seriously): "Let me warn you. Somebody's going
to cross your path."

Fred H.: "Don't you think that you had better warn them?"

Ruth: "The man that I marry must be bold, but not audacious; handsome
as Apollo, yet industrious as Moses—a man all women would court, yet devoted
to only the one woman."

Soldier: "How lucky we met!"

"What are you knitting, my pretty maid?"

She purred then dropt a stitch.

"A sock or a sweater, sir," she said,

"And darned if I know which!"

Ruth Sturges says she would really like to know who wrote "Milton's
Minor Poems."

Miss Stevens (in physiology): "You, Nannie, may discuss the structure
and function of the gall."

Nan (timidly): "Well, it has three parts, and—"

Miss S.: "No, you are mistaken."

Nan: "I'm positive it has three parts."

Nan: "Because last night while my sister was getting her lessons I heard

= =

say into three parts.
"A l s partes."

Teach What is an island?"
Freshy. "A wart in the ocean."

If Robert's Wright (right)
Will Truett Neal (kneel)?

Dobbin Wise and Jewel Woods say that there is nothing like a name.

If you doubt that life is one continual thing after another, just watch Mr. Stanley rub his cin and wind his watch.

Grace Reeves (passing to the board): "My figure is not good."
Mr. DeWees: "Oh yes, Grace, you have a beautiful figure."



"KIRK"

Of all the boys in Weatherford High,
Who will make us sigh and sigh—
There's none to equal Kirk.

And when it comes to basketball,
It takes a man who's quick and tall—
Like Finis.

If there is a fly hard to catch,
It's awful hard to find a match
For HIM.

In football it takes a man
Who'll buck the line to beat the band,
Just as our HERO.

If there is a ball to hit
You'll find this man will never quit—
This Grand Old PLAYER.



FINIS KUYKENDALL
Senior Popularity



ALLIE PATILLO
Junior Popularity



GRACE JORDAN
Senior Popularity

OUR GIRLS

The girls whose pictures now adorn the popularity page of the Melon-Vine were chosen almost unanimously from among a bunch of pretty and attractive girls to be the most popular in the school. They both well deserve the honor bestowed upon them by the student body of the Weatherford High School.

They are always bright and happy and can always greet you with a gay little "How do you do?"

It doesn't take long to make friends with "Lefty," and "Allie," tho she has been in the school only a shore time, has many friends and admirers.

STANLEY LITERARY SOCIETY

The Stanley Literary Society is a society of boys who meet every Thursday night and have a program composed of debates, declamations, speeches and topics of public interest.

The object of this society is to produce representatives for Weatherford High in the interscholastic debating and declamation contests.

This society has produced two state winners of the deabte in the past and has an exceedingly good prospect, through John Rieves and Robert Wright, to "cop the cup" this year.

This society is very beneficial to the boys who expect to become public speakers, and so a large number take advantage of this opportunity to improve their speaking.

The officers of the society are as follows: Finis Kuykendall, president; Louis Hartley, vice president; Robert Wright, secretary and treasurer; Ward DeWees, marshal.



ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

"One, two, three, four!
Comes from the Honor Hall door.
Please be quiet! Do not rush!
Go right back to your seats!
You skip, run, jump, push,
And this I will not stand!
So we obey, until she will say,
One, two three."

KODAKS



Chickie

Rever



Rever and



Samuel

ATHLETICS



-ROBERT HARRIS '15-

ATHLETICS

True education consists in the harmonious development of the body and mind. This cardinal principle has come to be thoroughly recognized by every school, and W. H. S. is no exception to the rule. Her attainments in athletics have taken their place among the best, and her future in this phase of development, based on the rock of a growing past, looms out before her with brilliant possibilities. The teams reported for practice with great enthusiasm, and larger crowds attended the games. This showed that athletics was coming to be better liked in Weatherford.

Tho we did not win every time, we showed our opponents that we were "scrappers." We are always on the move and in good spirit, tho we be losing.

The work of athletics has been highly gratifying to the authorities as well as beneficial to the students.

Greater plans for athletics are being made for the next year, and when commencement arrives many students will lift their hats to a greater Weatherford High School in athletics.



FOOTBALL



FOOT BALL TEAM

JACK WARD, Halfback—Weight 170 pounds, height 6-2, age 18. Faithful, gritty and always could be depended upon.

FRED PERKINSON, Captain—Center, weight 160, height 6-1, age 19. Silently but surely he got away with many a pass. Makes an excellent captain.

TRICKEY WARD, Right Tackle—Weight 155, high 6, age 16. Always on the job when called upon.

MORTON KIMBROUGH, L. Guard—Weight 155, height 5-10, age 18. Played his position without a word.

FINIS KUYKENDALL, Fullback—Weight 180, height 6-2, age 18. Line plunging was his vocation and ten yards his past time. An excellent kicker and passer.

ODELL MORGAN, R. End—Weight 140, height 5-9, age 16. With lightning speed, he was a demon on receiving and breaking up forward passes.

ROBERT COUTS MOSELEY, Quarterback—Weight 125, height 5-7, age 16. A man for the place. A fiend for hard knocks.

WALLACE JOHNSON, Left Tackle—Weight 145, height 5-10, age 17. As a tackler he was a terror, and hard tackling was his delight.

FRANK JORDAN, R. Guard—Weight 200, height 5-10, age 16. Nervy on the offensive, a brick wall on the defensive.

FRANK KIRKPATRICK, L. End—Weight 135, height 5-8, age 17. Always in the opponents' path and brilliant as a defensive man.

WALTER STEWART, Halfback—Weight 160, height 6, age 18. A wonder in every game.

HOWARD HODGES, Sub. End—Weight 130, height 5-7, age 16. Light but exceedingly fast.

RALPH ALEXANDER, Sub. Half—Weight 130, height 5-9, age 16. Showed to be an excellent man in every game he played.

R. D. WISE, Athletic Editor.

FOOT BALL

For our opening game we played the boys from the K. of P. Home of Weatherford. The boys from the Home put up a good fight but we defeated them by the score of 14 to 0.

Our next game was with the Masonic Home of Fort Worth. The score was rather one-sided, being 37 to 0 in their favor, but the Hi boys deserve the credit of playing their best until the last whistle blew.

Again we played the K. of P. boys of Weatherford, and we were successful in defeating them 2 to 0, after they had forced us to fight hard to win.

For our fourth game we played our old rivals, the High School of Mineral Wells. Our boys outplayed Mineral Wells, but ill luck favored us, so they won in the best game of the season by the score of 7 to 6. The brick wall formed by our line was the feature of the game; never once did Mineral Wells make a gain thru it.

Next we played Granbury High School team and they won by the score of 7 to 6. While we suffered defeat, the defeat was great, as the best team did not win. The sixty-yard run of Jack Ward, our gritty halfback, through the Granbury eleven was the feature of the game.

Our sixth game was played with Thorp Springs Christian College, a team out of our class. The game was characterized by the fighting spirit of the High School team, which did not admit defeat until the whistle blew. The score was 27 to 0. Not so bad when you consider a team of their class.

At last luck came our way and we defeated Granbury High 40 to 6. Weatherford completely played them from their feet the entire game. The feature was the perfect passing of Kuykendall, our star full, to our ends, Morgan and Kirkpatrick, which netted many long gains.

Again luck followed us, for in the next game with John Tarleton College of Stephenville, the feature of the game was the playing of Stewart, Ward and Big Kirk, our back field men. Every man made long gains thru the lines and on end runs, which went to make the score 66 to 0 in our favor.

After issuing challenges to the High School of Mineral Wells, Fort Worth and many other places, we finally secured the 144th Infantry team of Camp Bowie, Fort Worth. On Thanksgiving day we played them for our ninth and last game of the season. We defeated the boys in khaki by the score of 37 to 6. The feature of the game was the playing by the entire team of the Weatherford High School, and the 70-yard run of the soldier boys' quarter back for their only touchdown. And thus closed a very successful season in football.

There has not been mention of the main factor in the success of our athletics for this year. But the success of the football and baseball teams is wholly due to the diligent work and training of Mr. Lipscomb.

SCORES

Oct. 5—W. H. S.....	14	K. of P. Home	0
Oct. 13—W. H. S.....	0	Masonic Home	37
Oct. 20—W. H. S.	2	K. of P. Home.....	0
Oct. 27—W. H. S.....	0	Mineral Wells High.....	6
Nov. 3—W. H. S.....	6	Granbury High	7
Nov. 10—W. H. S.....	0	Thorp Springs Christian.....	27
Nov. 17—W. H. S.....	40	Granbury High	6
Nov. 24—W. H. S.....	66	John Tarleton College	0
Nov. 29—W. H. S.	37	144th Infantry, Camp Bowie.....	6
Totals.....			89

The following football men received their "W's": Fred Perkinson, Jack Ward, Frank Jordan, Trickey Ward, Odell Morgan, Howard Hodges, Frank Kirkpatrick, Robert Coutts Moseley, Ralph Alexander, Morton Kimbrough, Finis Kuykendall, Walter Stewart, Wallace Johnson.

THE BASE CLUB

WALLACE JOHNSON—"Speck" is the center fielder that he is a good fielder would not be a good fielder of short hits to center.

CLIFTON RIGGINS—"Bootlegger" is the first sacker and he has his part of the diamond to perfection. He is the lead-off man and is almost sure to get on. He is a good batter and his timely raps have started many a rally.

BRYAN HILL—"Stiffy" is the shortstop of the team and is remarkable in covering the ground. Stiffy is that person that puts so much pep into the squad.

CLARENCE DAWSON, Captain—Dawson is far the fastest and best second baseman in High school circles. His fielding average can always be found at the top of the column. A steady player.

VIRGIL MITCHELL—"Mitch" is that tall, lanky guy that camps about third base. He covers the base like he was raised there, and there is none that get too hot for him to field.

JAMES DAWSON—"Jim" is our catcher and a man for the job. His peg to the bases are terrific and has stopped a great many thieves.

FINIS KUYKENDALL—"Kirk" is that hard hitting pitcher you have heard so much about. Time after time he has been the means of starting the team to work with the stick. When it comes to pitching "Kirk" is the mainstay of the staff. The stuff he puts on some of the balls makes many a heavy hitter lay down his stick with a sigh and a grunt.

JACK WARD—"Big Jack" has one of the fastest balls, with a quick hop on it, that has been seen for a long time. He has made several records that would be hard to beat; striking out seventeen men in each of two games, and one of these was a no-hit, no-run game, allowing only two men to reach first base.

SAM LEIPER—"Frog Hair" is the right fielder and he covers his territory well and is also a fair swinger of the stick.

WALTER STEWART—"Study" plays left field and is always under the ball when it comes his way. Although he does not always hit them, he makes the fielders nervous every time he comes to the plate.

FRED PERKINSON, Manager—"Perk" always keeps the team with plenty of games, and is a very clever pitcher, although he did not work in any games this season.

HOWARD HODGES, Sub—"Chitty," catcher and outfielder. A fielder has no time to lose when Chitty lays one down.

TRICKEY WARD—"Shag" is another one of our pitchers and a brother of Big Jack. A good curve ball pitcher and also a good hitter.



BASE BALL

For our first game we played the K. of P. Home of Weatherford. We won this game by the score of 9 to 7.

Our next game was with the Masonic Home of Fort Worth. It is needless to say they won this game 7 to 3.

Our third game was played in Fort Worth with North Side High School. We should have won this game as we outplayed them in every stage of the game. The pitching of Jack Ward of W. H. S. was the feature of the game; he fanned eighteen men. The stick work was also good, Dawson getting a home run the first time at bat, and Mitchell getting two three-baggers. The last inning was played in the dark and as the pitcher could not see the plate, the bases were walked full and the winning run forced in. Score 7 to 6.

Next came the Carlyle Military School of Mineral Wells. Through the steady pitching of Kuykendall we defeated this bunch of ex-leaguers by a score of 12 to 5. Only three school men were played, the rest being a bunch of men that had played for many years. Hill, our little shortstop, featured the game with his long three-base hit to left field.

The best game of the season was played with the Mining Team from Strawn. Jack Ward featured with his pitching, fanning seventeen men and allowing no hits, and only two men to reach first base. We won this game by the score of 2 to 0.

The next game was at Mineral Wells with the Carlyle Military School. This being the same bunch of old heads, they managed to secure a score of 8 to 5 in their favor.

For our seventh game we played Bryant Training School in Fort Worth. We staged a battling rally during the entire game and won by the score of 26 to 4. The feature of the game was the pitching of Jack Ward, holding them scoreless to the eighth, when we changed pitchers and allowed them four scores.

Next we played the Mineral Wells High School. This was a very interesting game, due to the fact that it went an extra inning. We won in the last half of the tenth, when the count was two strikes and one ball on Mitchell, our long and lanky third baseman. There were two outs and one man on base. If Mitch could get a hit it would mean a victory. Things went true to form and Mitch did hit, for he sent the ball far over the center fielder for three bases. "Epham," our little first sacker, came home with the winning run and making the score 3 and 2 in our favor. The opposing pitchers were very effective and few hits were made.

Again we played Mineral Wells High, but this time luck was against us and they won by a score of 5 and 3. Mineral Wells won in the early part of the game when they bunched a few clean hits off Trickey Ward. Big Jack relieved him and held them scoreless the remainder of the game. Several times we had chances to win by having men on bases, but the winning blow was not delivered.

This closed the season very successfully, having won five out of nine games. This was the first game that W. H. S. has lost to Mineral Wells in three years.

March 9—W. H. S.	9	K. of P. Home.	7
March 16—W. H. S.	3	Masonic Home	7
March 23—W. H. S.	6	North Side High	7
March 29—W. H. S.	12	Carlyle	5
April 1—W. H. S.	2	Strawn	0
April 13—W. H. S.	5	Carlyle	8
April 20—W. H. S.	26	Bryant	4
April 26—W. H. S.	3	Mineral Wells	2
April 27—W. H. S.	3	Mineral Wells	5
Totals.....	69		45



BASEBALL YELL

Well, well, well,
 You can't always tell—
 We have beat 'em
 All to—well, well, well.



BALL

ord. We won



This close season very successful
is was the first W. H. S.
March 1914
March 1914

THE BASKET BALL CLUB

ALLEN BUCHANAN, Forward—Weight 150. A quick passer and accurate basket shooter.

DON WADDINGTON, Guard—Weight 170. Can always be relied upon to deliver the goods.

FINIS KUYKENDALL, Center—Weight 180. "Kirk" is that old, dependable center.

PRESTON WOODY, Forward—Weight 146. Always full of pep and a hard fighter.

BIDDIE IRVINE, Guard—Weight 135. A hard man to handle.

MAX FAIN, Guard—Weight 135. Always on the move.

TRUETT ADAMS, Sub.—Weight 155. A steady player.

ARTHUR CATO, Sub.—Weight 125. Light but on the job.

MARSHAL WHITSETT—Weight 125. A good jumper.

BASKET BALL

The boys opened the season by defeating the team from Peaster. This game proved to be one of the most exciting games of the season. In the first half of the game Peaster had us beaten by 26 to 16, but in the last half our team rallied and shot some sensational baskets, thus winning the first game 41 to 40.

Our next game was played in Fort Worth with the Bryant Training School. These boys were completely outclassed and we won by a score of 30 to 4.

And once more we played the Bryant School from Fort Worth. Our boys easily defeated them again by the score of 49 to 4.

For our fourth and last game, we played the 132d F. A. of Camp Bowie, Fort Worth. We were successful in defeating the "Sammies" to the tune of 30 to 18.



BASKETBALL YELL

Rip, ram, bah, zoo,
Lickety, lickety, zoo, zoo,
Who, wha, wha who,
Let's go—
Weatherford High.



A GOLF PLAYER

When it comes to playing golf,
Our principal's right there.
He takes the stick and hits the ball,
And sends her thru the air.

But, sir, this is a natural course
For a teacher to pursue.
He should be handy with a stick
Of every kind. It's true.

He took away the championship,
When golf was started here,
And then he lost it just by chance;
He'll win it back next year.

LOUISE TAYLOR.



GIRLS BASKET BALL

In their first game of the season the girls defeated the Thorp Springs Christian College, in a very interesting game, by the score of 13 to 6.

For the second, and which proved to be the last, as the W. H. S. girls were unable to secure any more games, we played the Thorp Springs Christian College again. We are sorry to say we were defeated by the score of 23 to 15. Needless to say had the Weatherford High girls practiced for this game we would have won. This was the first game the W. H. S. girls have lost in sixteen games played during two years.



WINNIE BARKER, (running) Center—Captain. A hard worker and a credit to the team.

OLA MAE BUCKNER, (jumping) Center—A high jumper and a hard one to handle.

GRACE JORDAN—Center and Forward. Manager. The quickest player on the team.

MARY CARR—Guard. The size of her opponent never seems to bother her.

ANNIE LEE BRASELTON—Guard. She is quick, a trait which makes her hard to handle.

FLORENCE TAYLOR—Forward. She has a steady arm and is very successful at throwing goals.

WINNIE STONE—Forward. She is a consistent player.

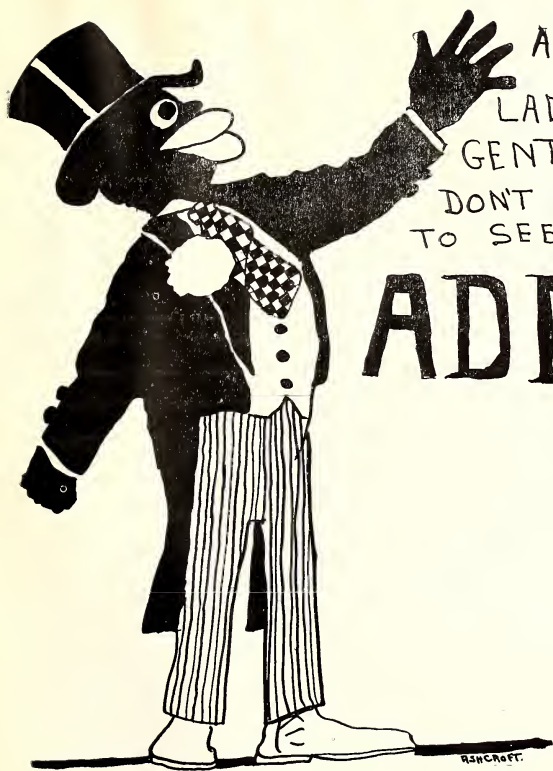
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